OPTIMISTS DEFINE "WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

Continued from Page Four.

forcibly when some little act of kindness is rendered one of our own family by a stranger. We feel a glow of appreciation for the act. He is a stranger no longer.

We are all kin when it comes to doing those little unpretentious acts of kindness one to to another, and we do not stop for the formality of an introduction.

The crowning part of a good man's life, we are told, are those nameless and unremembered acts of his kindness and his love. ARTHUR LENOX.

Christianity teaches us to "love our neighbor as ourself." Modern society knows no neighbor.—Disraeli (Earl of Beaconsfield) Sybil Book II, chapter 5.

Modern methods of living curtail the idea of neighborliness in the sense of nearness of residence with a mutual dependence. People are too independent, shutting themselves up in twelve by twelve rooms or boxlike flats; and, though separated only by a wall, keeping aloof from those even on the same floor. The grace of hospitality is dying out or is perfunctory.

Very few realize that the one who needs you anywhere is your neighbor. The wan, tried woman, who sits by you in the car; the perplexed stranger looking for a number on the street, the shopgirl, whose time and labor you never think of sparing; the workman whom the "cross boss" abuses, though patiently doing his best; the errand boy, whom his employer sends on a long errand just at closing time, thereby overtiring him and overreaching his time; the servant girl whom you make run up and down stairs half a dozen times in a morning, adding to her fatigue and shortening time for regular duties, which you couldn't perform in the time allotted to save your life; the poor seamstress to whom you could give a car ride or spin in your auto—all these people are neighbors. How much better and brighter the world would be if you would treat some forlorn and weary one, for one day, as well as you do yourself all the time!

"Help a worn and weary brother
Pulling hard against the stream."
H. E. HUNTER.

The priest and holy Levite passed him by;
Upon the road to Jericho he lay,
Wounded and stripped, and with a hopeless sigh
He watched the sinking of the orb of Day.

Who was it quick to bind his bleeding form,
And place him on his beast to succor find?
Who lent his garment to repel the storm,
And shelter from the piercing mountain wind?

No altar priest or temple Levite cared
What fate befell the robbers' victim there;
A foe—Samaritan—it was who shared
With him his all, and kept him from Despair.

The Jordan road we travel every day;
My neighbor is the one who is in need,
Who faints and falters on the great highway,
Should I not succor when I hear him plead?

Who is so rich but sometimes needs a friend
To pour the oil of comfort in his soul?
Who is so poor but can assistance lend
To earthly travelers for the heavenly goal?

H. V. BISBEE.

My neighbor is the kind and generous soul who toiled, endured, and thought through all the vanished years, that I might share the heritage of health and happiness—the priceless legacy of reason, justice, liberty, love, and truth.

My neighbor is the faithful friend who greets me with the morning of his smile, enchants me with the anthem of his cheerful voice, defeats the fretful fiends of care and fear, enraptures my discouraged heart with kind and helpful deeds, and helps to paint my clouds of trouble with the beautiful bows of promise, hope, and joy.

My neighbor is the brave and lofty life who pleads that I enjoy the fragrant fruits and flowers of a chainless hand and head; that my unfettered tongues may clothe the children of an independent brain within the garments of emancipated speech; that all the realms of human life bequeaths to me the sacred rights and holy pleasures nature dowers to her every child.

My neighbor is the true and tender soul who rescues me from heartless destiny and chance; escorts me over painful paths of failure or defeat; reveals the broad and shining highway leading to the summits of success, surrounded by the glittering peaks of fortune, fame, and power. My neighbor grants to me all rights he claims himself, and strives that I may share the same without a limitation, wall, or chain.

My neighbor is the just and honest friend who would not let me give or suffer cruelty or crime, or poverty and pain, but multiplies the sum of human happiness and fills the earth with pure and perfect wisdom, peace, and joy. My neighbor shields me from the leprosy of lies, protects me from relentless defamation and abuse—would sacrifice upon the hallowed shrine of death his property or life to save the liberty or life of me and mine.

My neighbor is the constant sentry who, in starless nights of sickness, want, despair, or death, assists and comforts me when others have deserted me to ruthless accident and fate. My neighbor kindly indicates my imperfections and mistakes, sincerely compliments my good and useful works and traits, and, glad that I achieve the triumphs of a rich reward, he longs to robe and crown me with a character majestic and sublime, and that throughout the future ages I enjoy the ecstasies of perfect and eternal bliss.

My neighbor is a marvelous and magnificent woman or man, who do for others what they would have others do for them. My neighbor is a foe to wrong, the friend of righteousness and all the goodness of the human race. My neighbor shields me from the vices, guides me to the virtues, and illuminates my life with intellectual light. My neighbor is the woman, man, or child who deftly works and thinks with loving hand and brain to fill the world with all there is of beauty, wealth, and use—with all there is of genius, conscience, science, music, art, and song.

S. C. CROSS.

The parable from which "Who is my neighbor?" is quoted plainly indicates that the priest and the Levite were not considered as neighbors of the unfortunate traveler, even though their journey took them along the same narrow path.

My neighbor is a person to whom I am near, but the relation must be more than a physical one. There must be some tie of congeniality or active sympathy which joins soul with soul. In fact, physical nearness may be entirely disregarded in defining the term neighbor as here used. My neighbor may be a person whom I have never seen. Sympathy for those in distress has become a world-wide feeling among those who have in them the spirit of the author of this searching question, which so effectively rebuked the hypocritical Jew and now rebukes any who refuse to sympathize with a fellow-being because of his social or racial standing.

The spirit of neighborliness may also exist between persons living in entirely different periods of time by means of mutual interest and appreciation of literary or artistic productions. In fact, this feeling often becomes so strong that it amounts almost to a personal acquaintance; and who will deny, in this period of marvelous developments and psychological investigations, that there is an association between the spiritual elements of our being which is not limited by time or space?

The number of neighbors is therefore limited only by our capacity for sympathy and helpful interest in the affairs of others. F. I. WHEELER.

A man traveled on his way
On a dark and cloudy day
Through a deep and rugged vale
Without thought of fear or fail,
From a city far away,
Where he toiled for his pay.
He had come with all his dough
Along the way to Jericho.

After he had started on his way
An hour or two I can not say,
A band of robbers lie in wait,
And his money was their bait.
They robbed him of his dough,
Beat him, and left him so,
After he had started to go
To his home in Jericho.

His cries for aid
Were feebly made,
But reached the ear
Of a priest or seer,
Who came to his side
And with questions plied,
But he left him go
To his weal and woe.

He lay by the roadside
Long before he was spied,
But along came a Levite
Full of hatred and spite,
Who quickly him curst,
But with laughter did burst.
But he passed him by
Without a single sigh.

He got some stronger
And did cry longer
Until at last
A Samaritan near passed,
Who gave him aid,
And to the innkeeper said,
Care for him until well,
And for pay ring my bell.

Now, which of the three
Would seem to thee
To have used him best
And set him at rest
And give him more joy,
With gold not alloy.
You will say, Yes, sir;
It was his neighbor.
CHARLES FRANCIS GLASS.

Jesus Christ places the love of our neighbor second only in importance to the love of God—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart * * * and thy neighbor as thyself." And who, then, is my neighbor? My neighbor is any one who comes within the sphere of my influence, whose life impinges upon my own; any one to whom I can render some needed service, or to whom I can speak a word of encouragement in an hour of doubt and darkness. My neighbor sits at the desk next to mine, works in the same shop or factory with me, lives just across the street, or drags out a wretched existence in some loathsome alley of the town. My neighbor is some one who stands in need of help and whom it should be my joy to serve—some man of upright life, perhaps, or perchance a hardened criminal. John Wesley regarded the whole world as his parish. In like manner we may look upon all the wide world of men and women as our neighbors. If we go forth day by day filled with the spirit of helpfulness—of neighborliness—we shall not long need to ask the question, who is my neighbor?
ARTHUR W. BEER.

My neighbor is my fellow-being,
My well-beloved friend—
The one whom we trust
Through God to defend.

We meet him in our travels
Each hour of the day.
He passes our threshold
To work on the way.

Human hearts need love and praise,
A neighbor's willing hand,
That we may banish all of fear,
And take the one great stand.

Not to covet or desire fame,
But love the bondage
That would hold and claim
The greed that builds this age.

Fill up these pages with love
Humanity is seeking to-day.
Our task our neighbor's friend,
To help him on his way.
ERMA HUGHES.

When a fellow pleases you
Let him know it.
It's a simple thing to do—
Let him know it.
Can't you give the scheme a trial?
It is sure to bring a smile,
And that makes it worth the while—
Let him know it.

You are pleased when any one
Lets you know it.
When the man who thinks "Well done"
Lets you know it.
For it gives you added zest
To bring out your very best
Just because some mortal blest
Lets you know it.

When a fellow pleases you
Let him know it.
Why, it isn't much to do—
Let him know it.
It will help him in the fray,
And he'll think his efforts pay;
If you like his work or way
Let him know it.
Mrs. J. J. O'CONNELL.

"Who is my neighbor?" Not he who is next to my house, but he who is next to my heart. He who will weep with me in the house of distress; who will reprove me to my face for actions which others are ridiculing and censuring behind my back. He who acknowledges me with the same cordiality and behaves toward me with the same friendly attention in the company of superiors in rank and fortune as when the claims of pride do not interfere. If misfortune and loss should oblige me to retire into a walk of life in which I cannot appear with the same liberality as formerly, it is he who will still think himself happy in my society, and instead of withdrawing from an unprofitable connection he takes pleasure professing his acquaintance, thus cheerfully assisting me to bear the burden of affliction. 'Tis he who, when sickness overtakes, is there to administer the balm. My neighbor is my friend.
TALLULAH De S. SMITH.

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—Matt., xix:19.

What is meant by our neighbor we can not doubt; it is every one with whom we are brought into contact. First of all, he is literally our neighbor who is next to us in our own family and household; husband to wife, wife to husband, parent to child, brother to sister, master to servant, servant to master. Then, it is he who is close to us in our own neighborhood, in our own town, in our own parish, in our own street. With these all true charity begins. To love and be kind to these is the very beginning of all true religion. But besides these, as our Lord teaches, it is every one who is thrown across our path by the changes and chances of life; he or she, whosoever it be, whom we have any means of helping—the unfortunate stranger whom we may meet in traveling, the deserted friend whom no one else cares to look after.

"I met a slender little maid,
A rosy burden bearing.
"Isn't he heavy, dear?" I said,
As past me she was faring.
She looked at me with grave, sweet eyes,
This fragile "little mother,"
And answered, as in swift surprise,
"Oh, no, ma'am; he's my brother."

We larger children toil and fret
To keep the old world onward;
Our eyes with tears are often wet,
So slowly it moves sunward.
Yet would we all the secret seek
Of this dear "little mother,"
Unwearying we'd bear the weak
Because he is "my brother."
Mrs. W. F. HALLECK.

Thy neighbor? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching heart and burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor
Whose eye with want is dim;
Whom hunger send from door to door;
Go thou and succor him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis that weary man
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain;
Go thou and succor him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left;
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbor? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave;
Go thou and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favored than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbor worm,
Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery;
Go share thy lot with him.
LAWRENCE A. WIDMAYER.

Life without that dear, neighborly love, one to another, would be a dreary waste. We instinctively reach out a helping hand and heart if only across a stony pathway. The kindly eye gives cheer as we pass each other in the busy walks of life, and perhaps who knows that one look has helped a neighbor, tired and disheartened, giving him renewed courage to "brace up" and "try again." We do not always know the benefit of some act, which to us seems simple, but may be far-reaching in its results. The second great commandment says "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Let us, then, try to keep the love light in our eyes so bright that it will shine far out into the distance and guide the pathway of some weary and discouraged neighbor, who, "seeing, will take heart again."
A. E. RANNEY.

"Alexander the Great and his groom, when read, were both upon the same level, and the same chance of being scattered into atoms or absorbed in the soul of the universe."—Marcus Aurelius.

He says: "For we are all made for mutual assistance." Mrs. S. STRAUGHAN.

Who is my neighbor?

He who oweth naught but good will, who will not mete out that which he would not have meted out to him; will tell me, and not others, of my faults, and protect me when evil or slander is spoken by the false-hearted. For as Shakespeare says, "He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who takes from me my good name, takes that which enricheth him not but makes me poor indeed." He who obeys the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and so gives only what he would wish to receive—he it is who is my neighbor.
M. ALICE BUTLER.

"He preacheth best who liveth best, not a dreamer of dreams, but a worker fo works." We can not all be clever, but we can live up to our best. How many do? The still, small voice of conscience is ever sounding "weighed and wanting." No life has such limitations that its example does not bear influence for or against the betterment of another. A careless word or some laxity of manner may be a stumbling block in the path of one we love. I believe in that wave theory, this little corner is an example of the bright side. Who can compute into how many homes its light may shine? Of all examples I would love to follow, of all the rewards I'd crave, it would be hers of whom it could be said, "She always made home happy."
Mrs. C. E. McLAUGHLIN.

My neighbor is any one to whom I can render a service of the slightest character. A kind word, a cup of cold water, any action that will bring a smile to a face unaccustomed to smiles—a throb of comfort to an aching heart. We need not go far away to find our neighbor. He is with us almost at every step. The postman who brings us our morning mail, the boy who brings in orders from the store, the servant in our house, the beggar in the street, the aged and infirm who envy our youth and strength, and to whom we can give a few words of cheer or a helping hand in aiding them off or on the car. All of these are our neighbors, and were included in that command which is more than once repeated in the New Testament, the Gospel of Love. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The purest joy is in bidding clouds give way to sunshine in the lives of those who walk so often in the shadow. Every day is rich in opportunities of kindness and we should never neglect an opportunity of filling in the day with every little act of kindness and love.
M. AGNES DUNN.

As the divine command is, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," it is well to ask ourselves the question, Who are our neighbors? We find the explanation in the tenth chapter of St. Luke. Our neighbor is the one who needs our help or love or cheerful companionship. And in giving that we not only bless the needy one, but receive a blessing ourselves. Also, our neighbor is the one who comes to us, when we are sad and sick, and cheers us by his presence and causes us to feel that we are not alone or forgotten.

In the common acceptance of the word neighbor, it refers to those who reside near to us. But in a city many do not know the people who live next door to them. There was a family traveling abroad who fell in with some strangers, who proved to be so congenial that they traveled in company back to their homes and found, to their surprise, that they had lived for years in the same city block! As for real neighborly feeling, it is to be found in country places, where people are bound to take an interest in each other. In the "Bonnie Briar Bush" we have beautiful examples of neighborly love.

There are many strangers in this city with lonely hearts, who need neighborly kindness, and our optimists will surely look for them and give them a smiling welcome. Mrs. A. E. M. AVERILL.

The generally accepted idea of "neighbor" is one who lives near, physically, but who lives to ease the sorrows and burdens of their fellows. Optimists stretch that definition to include the whole world in "my neighbor," especially that part of the world which suffers, grieves, and is aged and infirm; and, in fact, any who need a fellow-being to "live near" in kindness, fellowship, love, and charity. Your neighbor, and my neighbor, as optimists, is the beggar, the cripple, the despondent, and the aged and infirm.
ELIZABETH POWELL CRUMP.

A story something like this was told: A man asked a farmer how deep his possessions were; he replied, rather proudly: "My land extends to the center of the earth." "Then you are neighbor to the man on the other side of the world," the other quickly said. So the privilege of being a neighbor is not limited to the family who lives next door, or on the adjoining farm, but to our fellow traveler, who, through misfortune, falls by the wayside. We are not to pass by on the other side like the priest, nor to look at him from afar like the Levite, in order to avoid any personal inconvenience, but to give liberally of our substance and sympathy, showing a readiness to do more, if it is required of us. Who is our neighbor? Any one who needs help, love, cheer, a smile or a tear at the opportune time, who looks to us for aid he may not be able to find elsewhere.
Mrs. CLARA F. WILLIAMS.

FAMOUS SONGS AND THEIR HISTORY

No. 61.

"After the Ball."

CHARLES K. HARRIS.

A little maiden climbed an old man's knee,
Begged for a story. Do, uncle, please.
Why are you single; why live alone;
Have you no babies, have you no home?
I had a sweetheart, long, long years ago;
Where she is now, pet, you soon shall know,
List to my story, I'll tell it all;
I broke her heart, pet, after the ball.

Chorus.
After the ball was over, after the break of dawn,
After the dancers leaving, after the stars are gone;
Many a heart was aching, if you could read them all,
Many a hope had vanished, after the ball.

Bright lights were flashing in the ballroom,
Softly the music played a sweet tune.
There stood my sweetheart, my love, my own;
Get me some water; leave me alone.
When I returned, pet, there stood a man,
Kissing my sweetheart, as lovers can;
Down fell the glass, pet, broke, that is all;
Just as my heart did, after the ball.

Long years have passed, child; I never wed;
True to my lost love, though she is dead.
She tried to tell me, tried to explain.
I would not listen, pleadings were in vain.
One day a letter came from that man.
He was her brother, so the letter ran.
That's why I'm single, you know it all,
I proved her faithless, after the ball.

(Copyright, Charles K. Harris, 1892.)

One of the most popular of the song composers of recent years is Charles K. Harris. As a writer of sentimental ballads he has had few equals. He has likewise been an unusually versatile composer, and many of his songs have swept the country like wildfire. There is not about them that depth of musical genius so noticeable in the compositions of Stephen C. Foster, Stephen Adams, Claribel, Joseph P. Webster, and others who have written melody that is undying, but as a writer of what is known as "catchy" songs he stands at the head of the list, and has done so for a number of years.

Charles K. Harris was born in 1865, and up to the time he made a hit with his "After the Ball" he was an obscure banjo teacher in Milwaukee. He had written several ballads, but none of them "caught on," until one morning in the spring of 1893 he awoke to find himself famous. Orders for "After the Ball" came from leading music dealers all over the country in 5,000 lots, and from a small income he began to enjoy life at the rate of hundreds of dollars a day.

Harris' first songs were sold to publishers, but he decided to become his own publisher, and one of his songs, written before "After the Ball" and entitled "Kiss and Let's Make Up," netted him $8,000. This was in Milwaukee, where he had a music studio in a room connected with his publishing house.

Regarding his method of composition, Mr. Harris says: "There are weeks at a time when I do not touch a piano or think of composing. I play by ear, and have an experienced arranger, and whenever I have a song to take down I send for him. I play it off by ear to him and he jots it down. Then he plays it over in the right key, and if there are any mistakes I correct them.

"He then leaves with the manuscript and returns in about a week with it, all ready for the press. My proofreader carefully reads the manuscript after it has been played, and if the arrangement is found to be all right it is sent to the printer, who makes the plates of the song. I then originate the title page. You will find that the title page of each of my songs is different from the others. I am also very particular about the paper, ink, and type used.

"I do not write vulgar songs. My songs are found in every home in the United States which has a piano or a parlor organ. I write for the people, and my subjects are taken from life. I write both words and music at the same time, and if you pick up any of my songs you will find that the words and music harmonize closely. In composing a song a man must have musical ability, and must also be something of a poet."

Regarding the composition of "After the Ball," Mr. Harris says the idea came to him in the following way: He was attending a ball in Chicago given by one of the prominent clubs there, and while talking to a handsome business man he noticed a certain young lady in the ballroom. He found out subsequently that they had been engaged, but had parted through some lovers' quarrel. While he was dancing with other girls she would anxiously watch him.

On his return home Harris went to his office, when a member of a club dropped in and asked him to compose a song for an entertainment. Harris said he was too tired after the ball, but that later he would do so, in time for the entertainment.

"The words 'after the ball,'" he says, "kept ringing in my ears, and I could not rest. I sat down at the piano, and at that moment I had the entire idea, music, subject, and all. In an hour the song was finished.

"It was sung at the club. The singer forgot the third verse, and the song fell flat. I put the manuscript away in disgust and forgot all about it. One day I received an order from Chicago for ten copies of the song. I wrote back that the song was in press, quickly resurrected the manuscript, sent it over to my printer, and had a thousand copies struck off. Others came in very slowly for the first six months. Really, I did not give much attention to it, as my mind was on other songs which I had just published, mainly 'Kiss and Let's Make Up,' which was proving a big hit.

"I placed a small advertisement in the dramatic papers and received several orders from professionals for the song. All at once, before I could hardly realize it, it was being sung in nearly every theater and home in the English-speaking world. There have been, probably, more copies of 'After the Ball' sold than of any other song with the exception of 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

There does not seem to be much association between Mr. Charles K. Harris and the late Alexandre Dumas, but as one cannot make a success without being found fault with by those who haven't, it is, perhaps, not surprising that the author and composer of "After the Ball" has been said to have gotten his idea for the song from Alexandre Dumas' "Queen's Necklace." This stanza is quoted as showing similarity to Mr. Harris' works and as having suggested them:

"After the tragedy's over,
After the play is done,
We must go home with the ladies,
Coupled, and not one by one."

Aside from the fact that it is most unlikely that Mr. Harris was familiar with the "Queen's Necklace," that the meter of the stanza just quoted is by no means an unusual one, and that any writer of verse readily might drop into it, there is little or no resemblance between the Dumas stanza and the lines of "After the Ball."

Mr. Harris was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on May 1, 1865, and with his parents moved to the West when a young man. He settled in Milwaukee, and on November 15, 1893, married a young lady of Owensboro, Ky. Of late years he has lived in New York City, where he is engaged in the music publishing business under his own name, with a number of American and foreign branches.

Mr. Harris has composed so many songs that have been widely circulated that it would be useless to attempt to give even a partial list of them, but next to "After the Ball" the four best sellers have no doubt been "Somewhere" "Would You Care?" "Dreaming, Love, of You," and "It's Always June When You're in Love."

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PLEA FOR GREATER SERVIA

Emperor Francis Joseph's Opportunities to Reconcile German and Slav.

By ROBERT STEIN.

There is a type of men—who has not met them?—so fearfully and wonderfully made as to deem it foolish, nay impossible, to hand anything else than a stone to him who asks for bread. Between nations, this attitude is not only deemed sagacious, but is actually classified under the head of one of the most fashionable of virtues, that of patriotism. "Find out what your neighbors want and then try your best to prevent them from getting it," seems to be the ruling maxim of those who are loudest in claiming the title of patriots. In following that maxim they actually fancy that they are doing something noble.

Ireland is the most conspicuous example of the folly of this sort of patriotism. Had home rule, which everybody now recognizes to be inevitable, been granted outright eighty years ago, it would have been hailed as a generous gift, and Ireland would now be as zealous in her devotion to the empire as Canada. Instead of that, the gift was doled out in driblets, spread over nearly a century, each little cessation from injustice being the result of constant agitation, obstruction, and even violence, and each accompanied in the parliamentary discussions by insults to those who clamored for justice. What is the result? "We can forgive, but we can not forget," is the gloomy comment of the Irish on the eve of home rule. Ireland will remain a part of the empire not for love of Britain, but simply because she could not bear to become, even nominally, a foreign country to the millions of her own flesh and blood scattered through the empire. Worst of all, Irish resentment has been the main obstacle to Anglo-American reunion, and is bound to remain so until Ireland has home rule, when the Irish-Americans, if they have the true interests of their native isle at heart, will reverse their attitude on this question.

* * * *

Austria in Bosnia-Herzegovina has the same opportunity now that England had in Ireland a century ago—to convert a discontented province into a zealous supporter of the empire. If she misses the opportunity, the province which might have acted as a rivet may become a centrifugal element, ever watching for a chance to break loose—an event which might shatter the cohesion of the whole structure.

If the union of the five Servian-speaking lands is inevitable, wisdom evidently dictates that the movement, instead of being left to the caprice of chance till it becomes uncontrollable, be deliberately promoted and so guided as to contribute as much as possible to the enlargement and consolidated of the dual monorchy.

The area and population of the five Servian-speaking lands are as follows:

	Square miles.		Population.	
Bosnia-Herzegovina	19,702		1,829,000	
Croatia-Slavonia	16,423		2,393,000	
Dalmatia	4,940		635,000	
		41,065		5,057,000
Servia	18,650		2,825,000	
Montenegro	3,630		250,000	
		22,280		3,075,000
Greater Servia		63,345		8,132,000

England and Wales together measure 57,668 square miles, with a population of 35,757,000. Were their area enlarged to 63,345 square miles, the density of population remaining the same, they would support 39,274,000, or practically 40,000,000 people. In agricultural possibilities, Greater Servia is certainly not inferior to the British Isles, and if nature has denied it the vast stores of "black diamonds" which form the basis of Britain's wealth and power, she has endowed it all the more bountifully with "liquid coal," the water power of thousands of streams. The coast of Dalmatia, dissected into innumerable bays, whose shores generally drop down perpendicularly into the sea, affords an abundance of the finest land-locked harbors, equaled only by Norway, British Columbia, and Alaska. Forests of unsurpassed beauty cover the mountains of the interior, and if the coast of Dalmatia is bare, it is due not to climate or soil, but to the havoc wrought by Roman and Venetian shipbuilders in days when the word conservation, in the meaning now familiar, was as yet unknown. Happily, the example of Southern France proves that where forests once grew, they can, by human aid, be made to grow again, and there can be no doubt that the Dalmatian peaks, now frowning in sullen blackness, will ere long resume the verdant crown which is their rightful heritage.

A country of such size, dowered with such natural gifts, bordering on such a sea as the Adriatic, and inhabited by such a people, can not fail to assume an important rank in the family of nations in the near future. Twenty-five millions is a moderate estimate of the population which it will eventually support. Will these twenty-five millions be friends or enemies of the dual monarchy? That is the momentous question now confronting the Austro-Hungarian government.

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In pleading for Eurcpean union, an American is emphatically "minding his own business." If Russia loses Siberia, Britain must inevitably lose India, and vice versa. Asia would then become united into a tremendous power of 1,000 millions, and, joining hands with the Mohammedans of Turkey and Africa, would be able to reduce Europe to helplessness. The 100,000,000 of the United States, left without allies, would then be powerless to resist the Asiatics' demand for unrestricted admission. The entire Pacific Slope of America would quickly be Mongolized, and the yellow wave would thence sweep eastward, irresistible. The white laboring class, that fertile soil from which all the blossoms of our civilization have sprung, would be robbed of that labor which is the source of life. Thus every American able to see farther than the end of his nose must recognize that to work for the union of Europe is his foremost duty as a patriot.

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Even a citizen of a republic, if he be logical, if he recognizes that forms of government are, after all, but means to an end, must rejoice at this moment that Austria-Hungary is a monarchy. The birth of Greater Servia will not be accomplished without violent struggles in the two parliaments, in the course of which many acrid things are sure to be said, sufficient, unless neutralized, to corrode all the links of sympathy between Servia and Austria. It is highly fortunate, therefore, that the monarch has it in his power, by a very simple measure, to decide the outcome of the struggle in advance, and thus, by a political alkali, so to speak, to neutralize the acidity of any brutalities the wranglers may pour in afterward.

The simple measure is this: Appoint as governor of Bosnia-Herzegovina a member of the house of Petrovitch ruling over Montenegro.

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In 1871 the German sovereigns gave a splendid example of lofty patriotism, relinquishing their independence for the sake of German urity and subordinating themselves to the King of Prussia as Emperor. The presence of these three kings, six grand dukes, five dukes, and seven princes does not interfere in the least with the iron firmness of German unity. Although the population of Austria-Hungary is much more heterogeneous, an analogous process—it has been suggested—might result in a new Danubian monarchy, more solidly united than ever, and hence, speaking once more with undiminished weight in the councils of Europe. The impulse to this happy result might not improbably be given by the incorporation of Greater Servia, with its King subordinate to the Emperor. The example would not be lost on the Roumanians, who might also gain their union by entering the dual monarchy, where 2,000,000 Roumanians in Transylvania and Bukowina would hail them as fellow-citizens.

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Great would be the benefit to Servia, to Austria-Hungary, to Germany, to Italy; but greatest would be the benefit to Russia. A glance at the map of Eastern Asia suffices to show, as already pointed out, that when its 500,000,000 Mongolians become armed as Japan is armed, Siberia, the future America of the Slavic race, is lost—unless Russia has allies. Those who scoff at that peril as at a chimera are simply "children of a larger growth," laugning and playing on the edge of an abyss. Russia, who groaned under the Mongol yoke less than 450 years ago, should be taught by the memory of that horror to remember its cause: a disunited Europe in the face of a united Asia. Her most vital interests require her to favor every movement tending to promote the union of the western and southern Slavs into a compact, coherent political structure.

NOT A NOISY METROPOLIS.

Oyster Bay Has Always Been a Smallish, Drowsy Village.

Henry James Forman, in Review of Reviews.

Oyster Bay is, after all, not a noisy metropolis. It has always been a smallish, drowsy village near Long Island Sound without either accommodation or invitation for the stranger. Lately the town has acquired a new hotel and an opera house, but even these adjuncts have altered it but little, and to this day it lies grilling in the sun, very still and very silent. A number of New York families have summer residences here, but these are chiefly along the road that leads out from the village proper toward what is called the Cove. And from this road, at right angles, branches off a road that runs along the bay and leads to Sagamore Hill and to some of its neighbors. To the house Mr. Roosevelt has had hewn a road of his own, steep and winding, through a really noble bit of forest land.

Seventy of these 100 acres are covered with splendid old oak and chestnut trees, birch, locust, and hickory. The massive foliage and the abundance of underbrush make of this no mere tended grove, but a genuine piece of woodland that really brings nature to the owner's very door. Perhaps sixty yards before the house the road becomes an avenue of maples, planted by Mr. Roosevelt himself twenty-five years ago. On the slopes about the house, where the trees are but few, there are merely green lawns and a tennis court, without any attempts at elaborate exotic garden making. Beyond the house, on the right as you approach, lie the vegetable gardens, the farmland, the stables, lofts and granary, and more woodland. The house itself, externally at least, is merely a pleasant-looking, what Stevenson called "flanging," wooden country house, peculiarly American, with its long porches, painted gray, and with striped awnings. The house stands upon the highest point in Oyster Bay, yet so thick is the wood about it that no other houses can be seen from its porches and lawns. Altogether it is very simple and charming.

"My children are the fourth generation living here at Oyster Bay," says Mr. Roosevelt proudly "and the ninth in America. We are devoted to this place."

BATTLE OF THE HATS.

Daring Original and Successful Stratagem of a Milliner.

From the Boston Courier.

A milliner in Copenhagen for a long time had the privilege of supplying the hats to all the best families in the Danish capital. Then came a change of fortune; her business began to decline, and this was coincident with a rival establishment in Copenhagen ordering largely from a Paris house of renown.

The milliner, patronized by the nobility and gentry, was a woman of spirit, so she resolved to fight for her position—put her back to the wall, so to speak. Her first idea was to make hats larger than her rivals, but hats are not like Euclid's line. There is a limit, so this idea was not practicable. After serious deliberation she hit upon a plan which not only restored the fortunes of the house, but changed the fashion in Copenhagen, as the sequel shows. The Copenhagen milliner's stratagem was both daring and original.

She openly purchased a score of the largest and most attractive hats in her rival's showrooms and presented one to each of the market women, who are exposed all day to the rays of the sun. These ladies gratefully accepted the gifts, and showed their appreciation by putting them into immediate use. When the society ladies were making their purchases of fowls and fish, seeing the venders with hats as attractive as their own, they at once concluded that they had become very common, and translated their thoughts into action by presenting their hats to their maids. The stratagem was a success, and the society milliner had by this time dressed her windows with small hats. The rival firm sold off its stock at a reduced price, and now Copenhagen is the only capital in Europe where a hat of less than two meters in circumference is not despised.

Nautical.

From the London Mail.

When a mistake is made in a ship's speed it may be set down as a knottical error.

It is predicted that brown and black furs, especially sable and sibeline, will be worn this fall.